THAT GIRL of JOHNSON'S

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CHAPTER X.

The Rescue.

The arms of the men were brawny and strong; Green was light in weight and lithe as a tiger; the rope ran out sloly and steadily, slid out and down over the sharp edge of the chasm where the grasses were long and hid the sharp cut into emptiness, making a treacherous foothold. Suddenly the rope stopped running, grew slack, and Green's voice came up in a shout. Thus silence reigned again save for the rain and wind.

Moments passed; to the girl standing back motionless the moments seemed like hours. Her eyes did not move from the edge where the rope ran over. Green called again, and they began to pull the rope.

Dolores' eyes widened as she watched them; her lips were apart, a flush on her cheeks. The mist grew more thick and dense, stealing up and up until it reached the edge of the chasm. It stole about the men at work at the rope and enveloped them silently; through its gray folds they looked like specters at work for all eternity, with set faces, pulling the rope in and in.

The rope came up steadily and slow and sure, then Green spoke from just below the surface.

"Stop; some of you give me a hand here. Careful. He is insensible."

They obeyed him without a word. A terror was on Dolores' face; she did not move; her fingers were twisted tightly together; her lips were compressed in a straight red line.

The men were slow and careful; it was no light thing to lean over the edge of the chasm; the treacherous edge hidden in sedge might give way at any moment, but the hands of the men were slow and steady; they obeyed Green's commands as though they were powerless of self-thought. They had Johnson up on firm ground and Green after him; they laid the insensible man on the ground with coats for pillows; they forced some cider between his teeth and chafed his brawny hands tenderly as a woman would. Two of them cut down a couple of saplings and lopped off the branches, making the body smooth; these they bound together with two cross pieces; they crossed the rope in a network back and forth. No words were uttered; they worked in silence with a grimness that was almost terrible to the watching girl.

The rain was falling steadily now, and dripped through the branches, falling on Johnson's face. His hands moved gropingly a moment; he opened his eyes and looked vacantly about him; they were hollow eyes and hungry; he recognized no one. Dolores came up shyly, offering no word of sympathy, and with a moan Johnson closed his eyes again.

"We must get him home as soon as

Laid him on the Ground.

possible," Green said, gravely, his eyes on the face of the girl standing silently beside her father. "He has been without food since the day before yesterday. He lost his way, and fell in the night when he was trying to find his way back after hunting the cow. He has been lying there on that ledge ever since too weak to make any effort to save himself, thereby doubtless saving his life, for the ledge would stand little motion."

He did not add that Johnson had broken both of his legs in the fall, and doubtless received internal injuries that must prove serious if not fatal. Dolores' eyes were on his, and he could not tell the whole of what might come.

When they had placed Johnson on the litter as comfortably as possible, Lodie offered his coat to Dolores in a short word or two and no change of face, but the girl shook her head, without speaking, though she gave him one of her rare smiles, and walked steadily down the path tangled in the treacherous bushes, half hidden in mist and rain, with Green at her side buried in thought, though his hand was ready to reach out for her assistance whenever it was needed and his face was almost sweet with a new touch upon it.

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Dolores stood listlessly at one of the kitchen windows; she was looking out at the storm, but she did not see it; her ears were strained to catch the sound of voices in her father's room. Earnest voices they were and full of a meaning she could not catch.

The road was deserted; the men had straggled up to Johnson's house when first he was brought home, but as soon as the messenger sent by Green brought the doctors from the town they ordered perfect quiet, and the men were sent away without being allowed to enter. They turned away in silence and went down the road to the tavern with its welcome fire, its cider, and comrades.

The women were forced to remain at home; they gossiped with their daughters or their kinsfolk around the great hearth fires. Their needles were busy, their spinning wheels hummed; their lives were narrow, but there was work to be done as well as food for gossip. Only Dolores was idle. She stood at window staring with unseeing eyes at the storm outside, straining her ears in vain to catch the hum of voices in her father's room. Young Green was there, and two doctors, and a woman they said was a nurse. What need was there of a nurse she asked herself. She could nurse her father.

And what were the doctors doing there? If her father was only exhausted from exposure and lack of food why should he need two doctors?

Men had been lost on the mountain before; they never needed nurses when they were brought home; their own women cared for them; she could care for her father.

When he was well enough they would send for him at the town; they were only waiting for him to prove their suspicions. The case had been adjourned; it was a pretty clear case of malice, folks said, but they were waiting for her father to prove it.

The door of the bedroom opened, and the nurse came out. She was an elderly woman with a grave face. She brought several parcels from the town. Young Green sent her a note by the man who went to fetch the doctors, and she knew what to bring. One or two of these she opened and prepared beef and broth. She spoke quietly and pleasantly to Dolores, but she found her own way about the house and seemed to fit into everything.

A sudden fear took possession of Dolores. It was sharp and appalling, and she straightened up under it as though she had received a blow. It was no exhaustion from want of food and shelter that ailed her father; something more than that brought this woman and the doctors, caused this hush of voice and footsteps, shut her from her father's presence. She spoke, and her voice was low. The woman turned quietly toward the girl.

"You spoke, Miss Johnson?"

"What ails my father?"

"He will be better by and by. We could not expect him to recover at once. Do not be alarmed."

Dolores repeated her question in the same low yet perfectly distinct voice; her eyes looked steadily at the woman.

"What ails my father?"

The nurse was annoyed. She did not like to be questioned so pointedly; she had studied to keep her own counsel and use few words.

"Your father had a heavy fall, Miss Johnson; only the ledge saved him. His right leg was broken above the knee; the doctors have set that now; it will be better soon."

Like young Green, she would not tell the full truth. How could she tell the girl the extent of the injuries and the possible end? That one of his legs would have to be amputated; that his whole system was so shattered it would be a miracle if he lived, and though he should live he would be a cripple always? She dared not say this; she dared not look at the girl at first.

Presently Dolores spoke again, and her voice was perfectly even and slow.

"How long before he will be well?"

"Impossible to tell," the woman replied gravely. "Such cases are uncertain."

"But he will get well?"

"Why not? We will take good care of him."

"Do you think," Dolores' eyes grew dark as night, "do you think they will send for him before he can go? They are waiting for him to go to the town—for him to go to prove——"

"I know," the woman said, quietly, with perfect control over the muscles of her face. "I have heard. No, they will not send for him until he can go. You must not worry, Miss Johnson."

Dolores turned back to the window with no further remark, and silence fell over the room save for the woman's soft movements, and a hushed sound from the bedroom now and then.

CHAPTER XI.

The Nurse's Story.

The doctors remained in that hushed room the whole of the long night through; the nurse said that they would go presently, but they did not. As darkness settled down heavily one of them came out and spoke to the nurse. Then the nurse went into the bedroom with the doctors, and the door was shut.

Once or twice young Green came out to speak a pleasant word to her of encouragement, or a message as to her father's condition; he was more quiet now, the doctors had given him a narcotic. Later he was sleeping quietly; sleep was what he needed.

"It is too bad it is so stormy," he said, and there was an indescribable kindness in his voice as he stood beside her at the window while the darkness was enveloping the world. "I would so like to see the stars from your windows, Dolores. Can you see Venus above the mountains when it is clear, and the moon set in the young moon's arms?"

She lifted her true eyes to his face, and a flush was coming into the pure, pale face.

"There are few I can place in the heavens," she said, slowly, "but those I know are like friends to me; I have no friends, you know. And my mother is near me when the stars are in the sky. My mother is dead. You knew my mother is dead?"

"Yes," he made answer, smiling into the lifted face so near his own. "I would so like you to see my mother, Dolores. You could not fail to love her."

The girl shook her head. There was no deepening of the soft coloring of her face, no tremor of the proudly

She lifted her eyes to his face.

curved red lips, no drooping of the silken lashes over the dark eyes.

"I know nothing about love," she said, quietly. "I have only my father and my mother's books."

His eyes darkened suddenly, a strange tenderness came over the fair, kindly face.

"After all, there is a sadness about love; perhaps it is as well, Dolores."

He turned swiftly from her, and crossing the room lighted only by the flickering fire, his figure defined in grotesque shapes upon the walls, he entered the room beyond, leaving her motionless at the darkened window, her eyes following him.

Presently she left the window also and, crossing to a shelf at the other end, took down the last book he had brought her and opened it to her favorite reading of the fables of the stars. Her eyes bent over the pages were luminous, her cheeks flushed softly. She was out of her narrowed life with the infinite range of the heavens spread before her; the millions and millions of miles of space carried her mind with the thoughts far, far above the shut-in life of her mountain home and the stolid settlement that had no life but the tavern and the gossip.

As young Green entered the bedroom the nurse was setting things to rights for the night; she smiled at him as he entered; the two doctors were talking together in an undertone.

"Take good care of her, Mrs. Allen," he said, earnestly; "and see that she sleeps. She is completely worn out with this strain. I leave it with you to see that she is interested in things outside of this room. I will stop at the tavern to-night and be up early in the morning. Everything all right, Harry?"

(To be continued.)

READY WITH HIS ANSWER.

How Sir Harry Keppel Staggered the Governor of Algiers.

There are not many men in the British navy who were promoted more quickly than Sir Harry Keppel. He was a commodore at twenty-four, and at this early age was sent to the governor of Algiers to demand an apology from that monarch for an insult to the British flag.

Naturally the gold braid of the commodore fired the youth to deeds of daring, and, perhaps, a little bit of "side," and the high tone which he arrogated to himself upset his majesty of Algiers to such an extent that that dusky potentate cried out against the insolence of the British queen for sending a "beardless boy" with such a message to him.

But young Keppel was prepared.

"Were my queen," he replied, "wont to take length of beard for a test of wisdom, she would have sent your highness a he-goat."

Sentiment vs. Fact.

That the advance preparation of speeches will not always conform to circumstances was made evident during a recent flag raising at an uptown public school. The young orator had been speaking for several minutes when he advanced to the front of the platform, raised his hand with a dramatic gesture to the flag on the staff above him and shouted:

"See yon flag throwing its protecting folds to the breeze of freedom!"

It was a pretty sentiment, but the "breeze" didn't bear out the picture. The flag, to which all eyes were turned immediately turned, hung as limp as if it had been dipped in water.—Philadelphia Press.

HALF CENTURY AGO.

CONVINCING ARGUMENTS IN SUPPORT OF PROTECTION.

Free-Trade Newspaper of To-Day Was at That Time Strongly in Favor of Legislating for the Best Interests of Our Own People.

Curious relics of the past, when sane and sound Americanism characterized the columns of a newspaper which in recent years has turned much of its talents and energies in a contrary direction, are found in the files of the Springfield Republican of nearly fifty years ago. In the edition of that paper of the date of Jan. 12, 1855, appears an editorial on "The Tariff," which shows the then editor, Samuel Bowles, senior, as one of the ablest and clearest sighted protectionists of that period. No one has ever presented more effective argument in favor of the policy which looks after our own country and our own people and leaves foreigners to look after themselves than is contained in this urgent appeal to congress to lose no time in enacting a strictly protective tariff. Business conditions in 1855 were similar to those which prevailed forty years later under a Democratic-free-trade tariff. Franklin Pierce, a New England free-trader, was president of the United States. Free-trade was the order of the day, and the customary free-trade conditions prevailed. With a tariff for revenue only in full force, revenue was falling off at the rate of $2,000,000 a month. Said the Springfield Republican of that period:

"Away with merely revenue tariffs! They are destroying American independence. They are transplanting our workshops to Europe. They are carrying off our gold as fast as it can be dug in California. They are obliging us to wear German and French broadcloths by forbidding the manufacture of American. They are shutting up factories, reducing the rates of labor, impoverishing the country. Away with them!"

That is exactly what a Democratic tariff was doing in 1895, forty years later. In the winter of 1855, as the Republican narrates, the unemployed laborers of New York to the number of 60,000 men, 50,000 women and 10,000 children, were holding mass meetings and petitioning the city government for work on city improvements, and were threatening anarchy unless their wants should be in some way provided for. In Boston the souphouse system was in full blast, excepting on Sundays, when the unemployed had to go hungry. Regular Democratic tariff times! The Springfield Republican demanded a return to protection as a means of allaying distress and restoring prosperity, just as the Republican newspapers were doing in 1896, after three years of free-trade domination. The Springfield paper appealed for:

"Preference for American labor, for American goods, for American men, over the labor, the goods and the men of other countries."

Precisely what the protectionists of to-day are insisting upon. Forty-eight years ago the Springfield Republican was saying:

"Free-trade is correct in theory and correct in practice, if we are legislating for the benefit of the whole world. But if we are to legislate for America, let us legislate for Americans by protecting their interests and their labor against the interests of the uneducated and impoverished labor of Europe."

To-day the Springfield Republican is diametrically opposed to the doctrine which it so ably advocated in 1855. Either it was wrong then or it is wrong now. It could not have been wrong in 1855, judging from the terrible conditions of want and ruin which then existed as the direct result of legislating for the benefit of foreigners. Is there any more reason now than there was then why we should legislate against our own people and in favor of foreigners? Is there any reason to suppose that the conditions of 1855 and 1895 would not return if we should abandon protection and invite the competition of the under-paid labor in Europe? They certainly would and must return in such an event, the only difference being that the damage and loss would now be ten times greater because the aggregate of labor and production is now ten times greater. Having climbed so high, we should fall so much further. It would seem that all that was needed to reconvert the Springfield Republican to protectionism would be a perusal of its own files of forty-eight years ago.

TRYING TO RAISE A DEAD ISSUE.

UNWISE POLICY.

Republicans Should Not Side With Democrats.

There is no substantial reason to be advanced why Republicans of either state should attempt to play into the hands of their political enemies by changing front on the tariff question. The tariff law as it stands is admittedly a good measure. If the whole question were reopened it is more than doubtful whether any better law could be framed; and to reopen the tariff question in part is to reopen it in whole. If imperfections exist in the law as it stands there has been a distinct lack of any specific pointing out of those defects. When it is positively shown that some injury is worked through them it will be time enough to proceed to remedy those defects; either by raising duties if they have proved too low or lowering them if they have proved too high.

In the meantime and until some defects do appear and are specifically pointed out, it is decidedly advisable, both from the standpoint of politics and from regard for the interests of the country, to let the tariff alone, and to refrain from aiding the Democratic campaign for revision.

The Republican party does not have to apologize for the Dingley law, its workings or its results. Considering the present condition of business in the United States, the development of industry, the growth of our domestic and our foreign trade and the splendid financial condition of the treasury, all due in great measure at least to the present tariff law, it is difficult to see why any Republican should favor tampering with that law in the direction which the Democrats desire to see it amended. As a matter of fact there are very few Republicans who do want to see it tampered with, even in Iowa, as the Republican convention there has just shown.—Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

Protection Wins by 300 Per Cent.

The product of pig iron in this country the present year will exceed twenty million tons. That of Great Britain and Germany combined will be considerably below this; and the pre-eminence of the United States in iron and steel is growing more pronounced year by year, under the influence of the benign policy of protection, which the Republican party has conferred upon the country. Our present rate of production is a remarkable contrast to the production in this country nine years ago, the "boss" Cleveland year, when the pig iron produced in the United States was but 6,757,248 tons, or about one-third of the present rate. In that year Great Britain's production considerably exceeded ours, while Germany's didn't lag far behind. The showing is a remarkable object lesson in the comparative advantages to the country of free-trade vs. protection, and protection wins by three hundred per cent.—Salt Lake Tribune.

Iowa's Free-Trade Radicals.

The tariff plank of the Iowa Democrats is sufficiently radical to please the Cleveland contingent, for it not only calls for a removal of the tariff from all trust-made goods, but it declares that all tariff schedules should be adjusted with a view to tariff-for-revenue-only. This proposition, it is to be hoped, will be as squarely met by the national Democratic convention, since it raises the issue between the British free-trade policy, which Colonial Britain is giving evidence of being tired of, and the American economic programme, which has been embodied in the most successful industrial experience ever shared by any nation in human history.—Boston Journal.

No Assault on the Tariff.

The convention of 1904 will make no demand for any tariff revision. It will suit the Republicans to make a fight on the tariff if the Democrats can be inveigled into assailing the protective policy next year. The chances are, however, that Gorman and the rest of the shrewd leaders of the Democracy will prevent their party from making any assault on the tariff that can arouse Republican opposition. — St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A Sure Cure.

Says the Chicago Record-Herald: "The only cure for the surplus is a revision of the tariff." Very true indeed. Tariff revision downward has never failed to cure a surplus either in the national treasury or in the pockets of the people. As a surplus curer tariff revision belongs in the category of "death on rats."

GREAT POET'S POOR HAND.

Shakespeare's Writing Not His Chief Claim to Fame.

W. Carew Hazlitt in a recent article on Shakespeare's handwriting says: "We have to bear distinctly in mind when we seek to criticise those somewhat unclerkly examples of penmanship that the great dramatist used the court, not (like Jonson and Bacon) the Italian, hand, and that in the case of his contemporary and countryman, Michael Drayton, the characters of the signature are equally distant from fulfilling technical postulates and, if possible, still less elegant. The question of handwriting is, of course, independent of that of educational acquirements, as we may satisfy ourselves from innumerable instances, ancient and modern, but if Shakespeare was less happy in his calligraphy than in other directions the circumstance does not affect, as some have sought to demonstrate, his general learning, and was his personal idiosyncrasy rather than the blame of the excellent provincial school which had the unique honor of being his alma mater."

THE BLESSINGS OF HUMOR.

Moral Drawn From Career of the Late Max O'Rell.

If there is a moral to be drawn from the career of Max O'Rell it concerns the practical value of a sense of humor in promoting the comity of nations. The satirist sets people by the ears, but the humorist, by teaching them to smile at each other's amiable weaknesses, predisposes them to friendship. We and the French are undoubtedly the better friends and the more conscious of our common humanity for the genial manner in which M. Paul Blouet alternately chaffed John Bull and Jacques Bonhomme. As the merry mutual friend of the middle classes of the two countries he rendered a service to which they may now join in paying tribute; and one wonders, without feeling unduly sanguine, whether there will ever arise among our foreign language masters a German Max O'Rell, whose kindly jests will have an equally salutary effect upon our relations with our Teuton kinsmen.—London Graphic.

The Man Behind the Fire.

A worker at the Sailors' Mission in East Boston, has a story of heroism to tell. One night in January a fireman on one of the ocean steamers walked in the darkness down an open hatchway. He fell to the hold, broke his leg and received other injuries. His outcry brought a group of stevdores to his help, and they were excitedly discussing what to do for him when it became evident that he was trying to speak.

"Be quiet, boys," said one of the men. "Maybe Jake's wanting to send a word home."

But it was not of home poor Jake was thinking, even in that moment of agonizing pain.

"Tell the fifth engineer to look after the boiler!" he whispered.

That is the sort of fidelity and courage to put to shame the theorists who would have us believe that self-interest is the only motive that rules men in the workaday world.—Youth's Companion.

Women in South Africa.

Openings for women in South Africa appear to be many and varied. A woman writing on this subject says the peculiarity of this country is its unfamiliar conditions of life. Luxuries are more in demand than necessities. The range of employment open to women is a wide one, varying from domestic service to beauty doctor, but everything is much more expensive in this newly opened land. Living in the Transvaal is at least 100 per cent dearer than in London. Laundresses are scarce and the calling in small favor among the women at the Cape, who fear social ostracism if they turn to the washtub. This and the fact that dollies are being sent out to some of the houses needing decent furniture throws a curious side light on this country. There are chances for much money to be made by clever women caterers at railway stations. These are few and far between and the rentals enormous.

The Silent Little Prayer.

My little boy knelt at my knee last night
And said the prayer my mother taught me long ago;
Then for awhile was silent, with his head still bowed,
And when at last he rose to give the kiss
For which I waited, and withdrew his arms,
I asked him why he had kept kneeling when
His "Now I lay me down to sleep" was done.
Grave-faced, he said "In Sunday school they asked
The children all, when they have said their prayers,
To whisper, asking God, up there, to bless
The little ones in China and to put
The love of Jesus in their hearts." If one
True, tender little prayer like that were said
For me each night, I'd ask no more, and claim
The richest blessing God may send as mine.

Why He Didn't Call.

Henry Taylor Gray of Bradstreet's has just come back from a trip around the world. On the return voyage he fell into conversation with a purse-proud New Yorker who had made the same trip.

"I suppose you visited the Pyrenees?" said Mr. Gray in the course of the talk.

"No," bluffed the other. "They wanted us to spend a week with them, but they got measles in the family at the last moment and had to recall the invitation."—New York Evening World.